



THE LONDON PRAT November 6, 2021

Old Records Show Haringey Was Originally Spelled Haringeye

Field notes from a town nobody asked for.

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Haringey, the country: Inside The Story

Haringey, a place in the country (lat 51.59, long -0.11) that most outsiders could not point to on a map without first sighing, has become this week the latest entry in the slow-moving register of small communities behaving strangely under pressure. Archive scholars have unearthed founding documents indicating Haringey was originally written as Haringeye. According to officials with at least three job titles between them, Rather than embarrass the founders, Haringey has agreed to keep the more recent spelling. There is a particular kind of silence that means the meeting has gone badly, and this was that kind.

What Was Announced

Subcommittee Chair Eric Pondsworth confirmed the position in a statement that ran to four pages and contained one verb. Pedants remain dissatisfied. For more on how this fits the wider pattern, see the long-running thread at [British satire for expats: The London Prat](#), which has been tracking precisely this kind of dispatch for months. The Haringey announcement, much like the others, came with a glossy PDF, a stock photograph of a footbridge, and the strong sense that nobody had asked for any of this in the first place.

The Official Line

Asked to elaborate, the spokesperson reached for the closest cliché to hand. "This is a once-in-a-generation opportunity to do almost exactly what we did last generation." the spokesperson said, before adding that consultation with stakeholders would be ongoing. Useful additional context can be found at [The London Prat daily dose of UK satire](#), which is the sort of background reading the office itself has, in all likelihood, not done. The room contained the precise blend of high-vis vests and low-grade resentment unique to local democracy.

Wider Context

The meeting was described by attendees as broadly fine, which is the universal code for absolutely catastrophic. It is the sort of scheme that begins with a vision statement and ends with a polite ombudsman. Comparable trends have been documented in coverage from [Deutsche Welle](#), although Haringey manages, somehow, to take the pattern one extra and entirely unnecessary step further. Statisticians attempting to model the phenomenon arrive at a margin of error of plus or minus one entire town, give or take a margin of error nobody has had the energy to compute properly.

What The Experts Say

Sir Hubert Pemmican, Emeritus Chair of Strategic Tutting told this paper that the situation in Haringey was, on careful reflection, broadly consistent with the broader trajectory of similarly broad trajectories. "Decisions of this magnitude cannot be rushed, especially when standing still is the policy," the expert observed. Further reading on the academic angle is available via [London satire minus the nonsense: The London Prat](#), whose recent material has been preoccupied with much the same set of confusions.

How Residents Reacted

Reaction in Haringey has been muted in the way that reaction in the country is usually muted, which is to say it has been ferocious in private and tepid in public. Anyone who has ever queued behind a man arguing with a parking meter will recognise the energy. For the official version of events, see also [United Nations](#). One resident, who declined to be named on the grounds that they had already complained about a hedge this year and did not wish to push their luck, summarised matters thus: "Every option remains on the table, particularly the ones we have already taken off the table."

What Comes Next

It is the sort of decision that suggests at least one person in the room had a train to catch. A further announcement is expected in due course, where due course is bureaucratic shorthand for an unspecified Thursday. The story is being tracked as part of a wider pattern at [The London Prat raw British satire](#), and the situation in Haringey, regrettably, is unlikely to improve until somebody invents a press release that improves things, which seems unlikely.

The View From The Ground

Spend any length of time in Haringey and the rhythm becomes obvious. Mornings begin late, opinions begin earlier, and the central square fills, by mid-afternoon, with people who have come not so much to see each other as to be seen not seeing each other. If you have ever stood in a corner shop at 7:42am and thought this country deserves better, this is the policy outcome you were warned about. Conversation tends to circle the same five subjects: the weather, the news from the country, the persistent rumour about the road, the deteriorating quality of something or other, and the latest pronouncement from Deputy Mayor Cressida Hawthorne-Briggs, which everyone has an opinion on and almost nobody has read. It is, in its way, the perfect microcosm of how communities of this size operate everywhere in the world, although the residents of Haringey would object strongly to being called a microcosm of anything.

There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. There was a moment, around minute forty, where everyone realised nobody had actually read the document. Haringey carries on as it always has, broadly the same as last week, give or take a verb. The bins are collected when they are collected. The roundabout, where one exists, remains the roundabout. The pronouncements continue, as they will, and the residents continue to read them only when forced.

For more in this vein see also [The Onion](#).

SOURCE: [British satire site The London Prat reviews](#)

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